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Letter from Kate C. Barton to cousin, November 26

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receives cuff
has been very ill

1027
A/
C/626.

Radnor Nov 26th.

My dearest Cousin,

I expect you begin to wonder why your cuff and those photographs are still unacknowledged. Thank you a thousand times for making the cuff without which the sett would have been broken, and it is decidedly the prettiest sett I have. I christened it last Sunday, in honour of the Bishop who came up here for the purpose of confirmation and stayed overnight with us. However all this is not telling you why I have not written sooner. I know you will excuse all deficiencies of that kind when I tell you that I have been very ill ever since I last wrote you.

I went up to the city as I intended
to the day after I wrote to you.

Uncle's house was very hot, having the same
fires going as in winter, and up at Dr
Triggs' they had no fires, and the result
was that I caught a severe cold. I held
up just as long as I could but Sunday
night I had to go from the supper table
up to bed. I had several chills, a great deal
of fever, and ended off with a very severe
croup, the result of having strained
my womb very badly in coughing.

Mother was sent for and brought
me up here as soon as I was able to be
moved, and I got gradually better, till I
felt something like myself, when
I commenced working about the house
and brought on a relapse, which pro-
strated me completely. They sent off
for the Dr in a great hurry, all being

terribly alarmed about me, and he
said that added to the results of the cold
I was in an anemic state or my blood
was turning to water, and was suffering from
a complete prostration of the nervous
system. Ever since I have been kept very
quiet, fed on pills, medical tea, and rare
beefsteak, and not a vegetable am I allowed
to look at. I am a great deal better
now, and feel like a different person
but every body takes care of me, and if
I put my nose outside the door, it is
immediately pulled in with a lecture on
imprudence. Indeed I cannot yet
walk much for my nurses give way,
and as you see by this writing my nurses still
assist themselves and their chains a little.
I hate being sick, but they tell me I
look very delicate, imagine me
looking delicate, and will not be right

strong till some time after Xmas.

The Drs. alipashcei, Dr. Huff, and our Dr. exp
here, have ordered me down to the city,
so I suppose I will be taken down next
week. I want to get my winter clothes, and
pay a few bills, other wise I go sorely against
my will, for you have no idea how tired I
am about seeing people ever since I have
been sick. That will soon wear off however.

I have told you about nothing but
myself, but if I begin on other subjects
I will never know when to stop and I fear
I would have to send the letter in detachments, for
I have written now just as much as I am equal
to. This is the very first thing I have written
at all, so I think you ought to write to me
very soon and a long letter. Hoping you will ex-
cuse the egotism of this, and wish much love
to your brother, and yourself. I am ever
most affectionately. E. C. Easton